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# The Critic

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## Composition and Rhetoric at Harvard

WE MAY WELL BELIEVE that the members of the Harvard Committee on Composition and Rhetoric have reason to feel dissatisfied with the average English of Harvard students. Nor does Harvard stand alone in this matter. A deplorable proneness to offenses against accuracy and good taste in the use of the mother tongue is everywhere manifest, and the college community sufficiently sinless to cast the first stone against any of its sister institutions is yet to be discovered. Under such conditions, all will wish well to the Harvard Committee in its endeavors to secure improvement. It has been felt by some, however, that certain strictures of the Committee, in its recent report, are based upon an incorrect estimate of the real significance of the test applied. This test is found in the entrance examination papers in Latin, for the year 1894. Now, that boys may fairly show their command of English in such papers, at least two conditions are necessary: (1) a knowledge of the vocabulary and grammatical construction of the assigned Latin text sufficiently exhaustive to cover all points affecting the translation, and (2) a self-possession sufficient to obviate any bad effects of a haunting consciousness of the approaching time limit, anxiety as to the result, and other well-known concomitants of college examinations. It is only rarely that either of these conditions can fairly be assumed, and far more unusual is the concurrence of the two. We do the boy a serious injustice, then, when we look to these papers for anything more than a rough estimate of his ability to use English under certain adverse conditions, the full effect of which nothing but an intimate personal acquaintance can fit us to determine. All this we say merely in the interest of justice to the boys and to the schools in which they were prepared, with no thought of questioning the existence of the evil which the Committee is striving to eradicate.

The responsibility for this evil will not successfully be sought in any field so narrow as the preparatory school. Its causes are manifold and all-pervasive. Sheer carelessness plays an important part. We are too much concerned with other things to give any serious attention to such a trifle as the correct use of English. The toleration, and even positive favor, with which we look upon any new slang expression having an air of "smartness" about it is another factor. The influence of the omnipresent dialect writer, however great his services in other directions, works steadily against the maintenance of a reasonably conservative standard of linguistic usage. It is a fair question whether literature would not be the gainer, at least from the artistic point of view, if the study of local peculiarities of speech were left to the philologist. The sensationalist, whether he occupy the pulpit or the platform, the editorial chair or the novelist's study, has a heavy load of guilt to bear. His method substitutes the spectacular display of language for thought, as a means of attracting the crowd; and the result contributes as little to a due respect for the accurate use of speech as to the sober and profitable consideration of such topics as he may discuss. These are but a few examples of the many untoward influences everywhere present. The study of Latin and Greek in our preparatory schools may either add another to them, or exercise a strong counteracting influence, according to the ideals and methods brought to bear. Many of these schools seem still to be dominated by the old idea of "literal translation," so-called, as a necessary method with beginners—an idea which requires the mechanical transfer of Latin and Greek constructions to the English, without any regard to the demands of English usage. If there be no adequate test of the beginner's knowledge of an ancient

tongue except his ability to put it into a kind of English which no English-speaking person, learned or unlearned, would ever think of using under any other conditions, then one of the most frequently quoted arguments for the study of the classics must be abandoned. We are happy to believe that the number of those who hold such a view is rapidly decreasing.

It seems to us, however, that the gentlemen of the Harvard Committee misapprehend the nature of the contribution which the elementary study of the classics may make to the pupil's command of English, when they look to the translations of those who are as yet but beginners for "a terse elegance of pure English expression." The gain at this stage of the course lies more in the broadening of the student's vocabulary, the increase of his power to appreciate fine distinctions of meaning, and the acquirement of forms of expression unknown to the narrow range of his previous intellectual activity. With these acquisitions at the foundation, the building up of "a terse elegance of pure English expression" may come in time; but we should hardly expect to see it in translation as soon as in original composition. The translator must always follow closely the thought of the original; and, as Quintilian observed some eighteen centuries ago, he who follows must always be behind. Teachers of Latin and Greek should remember, however, that it depends largely upon their active attention to this special end, whether the pupil shall receive the benefit of those incidental advantages upon consideration of which the time for these languages is so much more readily conceded by parents than would otherwise be the case.

There remains a point upon which one hesitates to speak, and yet silence seems scarcely the proper course. In the writer's boyhood days, a neighbor whose command of language had been acquired on the deck of Ohio and Mississippi steamboats desired to rebuke his son for profanity. "Quit your ——— swearing!" was the form in which his rebuke was expressed; and the only criticism which one can offer is the lack of harmony between precept and example. We are sorry to see a similar lack of harmony in the Report of the Harvard Committee. One count in the indictment against the English of the examination papers is the bad punctuation; but the punctuation of the Report betrays an utter lack of system in almost every paragraph. Notice, for instance, the careful insertion of every justifiable comma in the first part of the following sentence, with the headlong rush at the end, which refuses to be checked short of the period for any cause whatever:—

"In this way, it is argued, and, if not alone in this way, yet indisputably better in this than in any other way, can command of a vocabulary, flexibility, and knowledge of construction, in short a terse elegance of pure English expression be acquired."

This is but one among several instances of such extreme variation within the limits of a single sentence. We quote another, in which the absence of a comma after the pronoun *what* cuts the connection between the succeeding words and the first branch of a double query:—"the question naturally presents itself whether anything, and, if anything, what can be done to remedy such a condition of affairs."

We recognize the possibility that the bad punctuation is due to carelessness in the proof-reader, and yet the very nature of the Report makes it difficult to suppose that the proof-sheets were not carefully compared with the copy. But there are faults which lie beyond the realm of the inefficient proof-reader. Within thirty-six lines, near the end of the Report, we find two verb forms and three pronouns which indicate number. Two of these forms are plural and three singular, though in

four of the five cases the reference is evidently to the action of the Committee as a body, and in the one case in which the individual committeemen may be in mind, the singular is used. Such wavering in thought and expression will scarcely escape the notice of the instructors whose methods and results receive condemnation at the Committee's hands. We quote one more sentence for consideration as a whole:—

"Accepting this plea in extenuation, and allowing it all the weight to which it is entitled, it yet remains that, under the existing system, the examination papers indicate unmistakably that a very large portion of the time of the preparatory school course is consumed in exercises which, in result, so far as good English composition is at issue, seems to obscure at least in the mind of the student the fundamental principles that every sentence consists of a subject and a predicate, and that clearness in the expression of thought is of the essence of good writing."

It is the primary virtue of a well-constructed sentence to leave upon the mind of the hearer or reader a distinct impression of the leading thought, with subsidiary ideas so grouped as instantly to reveal their point of connection and their due measure of subordination. So much is implied in the "clearness in the expression of thought" which the Committee mentions, but all must admit that it is not exemplified by the sentence in which this mention is made. May it not be possible that the absence of that "clearness in the expression of thought" which "is of the essence of good writing" is responsible for such a blunder (whether of the Committee or of the proof-reader) as "exercises which \* \* \* seems"? Taking these and other such features of the Report into consideration, one can only fear that the Committee has put a stumbling-block in the path of its own good intentions. Those who are acquainted with the editorial English of Mr. E. L. Godkin will find it hard to believe that the Report, in its final form, had the benefit of his attention, though his name appears as one of the Committee.

### Literature

#### "My Literary Passions"

By W. D. Howells, Harper & Bros.

THESE "CONFESSIONS of a Literary Free-lance" are not more remarkable for their polish and piquancy than for their charming egotism and freedom from acerbity. "My Education" would be a good title for the genial autobiography in which Mr. Howells tells how he grew up in a little town in southern Ohio, what books he read and in what succession he read them, what the Wild West was fifty years ago, and what filled people's lives there in the pioneer days. The printing-office was his university. He never went to college at all, and hardly to school, but, like Béranger and Benjamin Franklin, was associated with the arrangement and distribution of type, with ink-blackened fingers and the hurried proof-reading on a country newspaper, almost from the time he could toddle. Perhaps this accounts for the delicate precision of his style, the sense of evenness and proportion running through it like a melodious undercurrent, the almost mathematical rhythm of its periods, and the measured and almost faultless fluency of the language. Perfect familiarity with the "look" of things in print may have contributed to the delightful sense of fitness and refinement one is permeated with in reading these never-languid and ever-moving reminiscences in which not even the lilies lie stagnant, but nod and nestle with that sweet, ironic grace to which Mr. Howells has accustomed us.

And next to the grace of their literary raiment is the frankness with which these confessions are clothed. Mr. Howells is not a man with whom one usually associates "passions," so that at the start "My Literary Passions" seems a singularly infelicitous title, tending to convey energies and potentialities of which the author has never been suspected. In the gradual unfolding of the charming story, however, the "passionate pilgrim" of literature emerges at every turn: for thirty years of his life, Mr. Howells was a mass of glowing

coals kindled into incandescence by every great book with which he came in contact, subject to literary contagions and enthusiasms of every sort, an easy victim of literary delight, and an intellectual Sybarite thrilled with almost anything in the old family book-case. His critical coolness was once all fire, underlaid by a tropic clime of high-strung susceptibilities that led him far afield and sometimes, as he confesses, landed him in the mire. The book is a remarkable record of the self-education of a clever American boy, of dauntless dreams and eager talent, in circumstances much resembling those of a brilliant-flowered cactus in the alkali desert—a mystic growth strangely assimilating beauty from unfertilizing surroundings, and suddenly, one day, after long waiting, shooting up into a dazzling arrangement of petals and pistils and stamens.

And nothing is more pleasing in this most pleasant book, after its grace and its facts about an interesting personality, than the self-correction which it continually records—its memoirs of overthrown idols, its memories of abandoned shrines once passionately worshipped at, its growth out of indiscriminating admiration for every printed word of every printed author into keener and truer perception of faults and virtues. Mr. Howells is everywhere and at all times the champion of desultory reading: he is against an orderly and regular reading of anything, confessing that he never got any good from any book that he did not read carelessly and willfully. In this way he accounts for his distaste for Sir Walter: he read him, in all the marvellous array of his tales, "conscientiously" and in sequence. His frankness reaches the audacious point of confessing that he has never read the "Æneid" at all, nor "Paradise Lost" till a little while ago; and yet he revels in the original Spanish of Cervantes and Lazarillo de Tormes, in the buffoon Italian of Pulci and Berni, in the comedies of Goldoni; he teaches himself German for love of Heine; he reads but does not enjoy Molière in his grand Louis Quatorze French, and he is charmed with the large, plastic nature of Björnson and Tourguéneff. The catholicity of his tastes is very marked. Thackeray for a while was his gospel, and then the Russians; George Eliot wove subtly into his life and then passed quietly out of it; Pope dominated him for many a month with the merciless suavity of his heroics, and Macaulay fired the young editor's brain with his coruscating epigram. Of the poets, Longfellow and Tennyson cast the richest and longest spell over his imagination: Tennyson he has never outgrown, nor Chaucer, nor Shakespeare, but lives lovingly under their gorgeous roofs still, finding food for the million moods of the modern literary man. It is everywhere apparent that the humorists smote early on his sensitive tympanum and reverberated there late and long. Goldsmith and Irving and Dickens; Heine, De Quincey and Mendoza; the Spaniards Galdós and Valdés; the wiry Italians with their shepherd verse; Chaucer and his canny laugh; Thackeray saturated with literary allusion and vibrating to all the humors of the time; and "Don Quixote," whose being has been a perpetual joy to him.

Crowning all this storied and abundant edifice with its numerous apartments, its secret closets of delight, its winding corners and unexpected nooks—for Mr. Howells delights in DeForest's novels almost as much as he does in James's exquisite artistry, in Erckmann-Chatrian's glow, in the medical reviews and books of popular science,—comes the great name of Tolstói, who is Mr. Howells's supreme final creed and rapture. All the others in his long literary rosary he has probably outgrown, except this one vast and satisfying soul, whose pavilion-like periphery overspreads his admirer like the expanding tent in the Arabian Nights and furnishes him an all-sufficing habitation to dwell in. Mr. Howells confesses that he has imitated nearly everybody that he admires (Lowell once advised him "to sweat Heine out of his bones as men sweat mercury"!), but that he could not imitate Tolstói; yet even *he* is not infallible:—"It is as if



the best wine at this high feast where I have sat so long had been kept for the last, and I need not deny a miracle in it in order to attest my skill in judging vintages. \* \* \* He has been to me that final consciousness which he speaks of so wisely in his essay on Life." Tolstoi was thus to Howells the liberating spirit who taught him to set art forever below humanity, and showed him Life itself.

#### "Life and Letters of Gustave Flaubert"

By John Charles Tarver. With Portrait. D. Appleton & Co.

MR. TARVER SAYS, in his preface, that his aim has been to place the personality of Flaubert vividly before his readers; that he has succeeded, will not be questioned by any one of them. He takes his material from Flaubert's letters, from his early boyhood until his death. Written to his most intimate friends, and to his mother and sister, they were wholly private, and Mr. Tarver emphasizes the fact "that no single letter was written by Flaubert with the idea that it would or could at any time appear in print."

Gustave Flaubert was the son of the surgeon-in-chief of the infirmary of Rouen, a man well known and loved. Flaubert describes him at length in "Madame Bovary" as Doctor Laridière. At nine, Gustave could not read, but, with a jewel of a nurse who filled his mind with folk-lore, and an old priest who read "Don Quixote" to him, his mind was not inactive. Before he was seventeen he was reading Victor Hugo, Shakespeare and Montaigne. After leaving school he went to Paris to study law. Maxime Ducamp thus describes him at this time:—"He was of heroic beauty, with his long, fine, floating hair, his abundant dark-golden beard, his enormous eyes; he was like those young Gallic chiefs who fought against the Roman armies." Flaubert was horribly bored by the study of law. He says of the Code Civil, "I don't understand a word of it; it's raving nonsense." Consequently he failed in his examinations and returned to Rouen, where he was seized with an epileptic attack. From this time onward, as he wrote to George Sand, "he was afraid of life." The three years he spent under the constant surveillance of an attendant greatly depressed him, but intellectually he was not affected by the disease, from which he eventually recovered entirely. In his father's house at Croisset, a little village near Rouen, Flaubert spent most of his subsequent life. Here he wrote "Madame Bovary" and most of his successful works. His letters, describing his quiet home life, his keen observation on his travels, his discussions with his *confrères*, show us clearly the man—"large-hearted, affectionate, brave, honest, unselfish and pure." Flaubert's family affections were his innermost life. He never married: he considered the love he had for his mother the highest of which he was capable. After the death of his father and sister, he lived for her alone, and when she died he wrote, "It is as if part of my bowels had been torn from me." His sister's only child was brought up by him; he taught her every day until she was seventeen, and she has written a beautiful description of their life together at Croisset.

Mr. Tarver gives résumés of all of Flaubert's works. For "Madame Bovary" he was prosecuted by the government "for an outrage on morality," which only drew attention to the book, making the sales large, and giving its author rank with the first literary men in France. Mr. Tarver closes his chapter on this novel with the words:—"Those who object to the works of George Eliot because they are so disagreeable, to 'Madame Bovary,' because it is so cruel, and declare that such things ought not to be written, are simply stoning the prophets in order to be rid of them and their home truths." In speaking of Flaubert's short stories ("The Story of a Simple Soul," "St. Julien," "Herodias"), Mr. Tarver says:—"It is much to be regretted that Flaubert did not discover the short prose story earlier; for it is the form best suited to his peculiar power." "Bouvard and Pécuchet" is a piece of biting sarcasm. Flaubert himself

says of it, "I hope to spit into it the bile which is choking me." He certainly accomplished his desire. "Salamambo" is neither romance nor history. Full of learning and accurate information, it does not tempt the general reader. Flaubert's manner of work was severe and laborious; he was six years writing "Madame Bovary"; he worked upon "Bouvard and Pécuchet" all his life. For the latter he read and annotated 1500 volumes. Mr. Tarver has written a very interesting book. We may or may not agree with him that "Flaubert was one of the noblest men of the nineteenth century," but we are sure that he has given us a portrait true to the life. The book is thoroughly well indexed.

#### "A Vagabond in Spain"

By C. B. Luffmann. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE PROBLEM of how much a traveller or a tramp can see in a foreign land when he is absolutely ignorant of the language and travels on his own "trotters," is pleasantly solved by this rather remarkable volume. Mr. Luffmann, who appears to be an Australian, secured a kit and a passport at San Sebastian in Spain, in July 1893, and started on a walking tour of 1500 miles through the heart of the peninsula. This "walk" led him from Biarritz to Malaga, via Pamplona, Zaragoza, Madrid, Toledo, Cordova, Seville and Granada; over ten great mountain barriers, including the Pyrenees and the Sierra Nevada; through 145 days of intense alternating heat and cold; and up and down countless gorges, river-beds, roads, cañons and cordilleras. His baggage was a knapsack of twenty pounds; his porter was his own back; his hotel was the roadside, a stable, a *posada* floor, a hen-roost, or a hut begged of the village alcalde; and his fare was a pennyworth of bread or *olla*, sometimes bought, sometimes begged, of the kindhearted Spaniards. Thus this original traveller traversed Spain, encountering now kicks, now kindness, warned that the murderous mountaineers would slaughter him, yet not even armed except with a stout staff of Australian tulip-wood; and walking to the bitter end with bleeding feet, often hungry, frequently wet, generally scorched or half-frozen; and all for the sake of seeing Spain *en déshabillé*.

He was a real vagrant. "I did not act the character, I lived the life in real earnest. The vagrant's rest-house was my only hotel; the succor doled out by the alcalde my only means of existence. \* \* \* I have looked on life through a tramp's eyes, suffered his sorrows and rejoiced in his pleasures. If I had travelled through Spain as a first-class tourist, I should have seen and heard no more than is known to all the world." The result is quite unique—a highly interesting book recalling Bayard Taylor's "Views Afoot" and Meriweather's "Tramp Abroad," but excelling both these books in homely insight, hard-won experience, graphic delineation of the sights and sounds of ordinary Spanish peasant life, and glimpses of every-day Spanish huts, hovels, taverns, working-people and squalor. It must have required extraordinary firmness of mind and setness of purpose to have gone on day and night, four months and a half, as Mr. Luffmann did, exploring the very heart of old Spain, examining her very entrails, as it were—vineyards, mines, caves, hamlets, mountain-roads, geology, industries of various kinds, in all weathers, devoured by vermin, often in tatters, hooted or pelted by wandering villagers. No wonder he was constantly taken for a "penitente" or pitied as an English "loco." But he philosophically remarks:—"The road across Spain is long to him who takes it on foot; but it repays the toil. It reveals wonders in nature and in art, which will with difficulty be rivalled elsewhere. It shows the Spaniard under many and varied aspects, for every native of Spain is *not* either a courtier or a cutthroat." And one must be a veritable enthusiast in anthropology to study the human race thus *vis-à-vis*! It is only wonderful that this unique tramp could see and learn so much, and yet remain so grotesquely ignorant of Spanish and Spanish orthography. He seldom uses a Spanish word without misusing or misspelling it.

### "Hull House Maps and Papers"

*A Presentation of Nationalities and Wages in a Congested District of Chicago. By a Resident of Hull House, a Social Settlement. T. Y. Crowell & Co.*

NO MORE VALUABLE contribution to social science has been published recently than this book, which was noticed briefly in our issue of Sept. 28, in connection with several other volumes bearing upon social reform. And yet the book makes little attempt to advance theories or plan methods of redress. It is a record of facts, carefully collected, and presented with simplicity and exactness. It comes, moreover, from the inside, written by men and women who know whereof they speak through personal service in the haunts of poverty and want, personal sympathy with hardship and suffering, and the sacrifice of self for the good of humanity. These qualities, however, are kept far in the background. Except in the appendix, where a brief account of the activities at Hull House is given, the references to the practical work accomplished by these earnest writers are few and modest. The extent of it can be inferred from the intimate knowledge of conditions displayed, but from nothing else. The workers obliterate themselves in deference to the significant facts they wish to emphasize. And these are worthy of the closest study. The picture is a dark one, desperately dark, but it is only by understanding it, by examining its deepest shadows, that we can arrive at a knowledge of this life, and at a sane and wise method of helpfulness.

The labor of preparing the maps which accompany the book devolved upon Miss Agnes Holbrook, a resident at Hull House. With infinite pains she collated the schedules prepared by the Department of Labor at Washington in its investigation of the slums of great cities; and from these the maps now printed were made. One of them shows the nationalities in this congested district; the other the rates of wages received. And both are so arranged as to be comprehensible at a glance. The plan of Charles Booth's maps of East London has been followed, and his scheme of colors retained, but this record is more minute than his, and therefore acquires a value peculiar to itself. Its accuracy at the time it was made (April—June 1893) can be absolutely relied upon, as Mrs. Florence Kelley, the Special Agent Expert in charge in Chicago, was a resident at Hull House and assisted Miss Holbrook in every possible way. "The aim of both maps and notes," writes the latter in her comments upon the work, "is to present conditions rather than to advance theories—to bring within reach of the public exact information concerning this quarter of Chicago rather than to advise methods by which it may be improved." The writers wish to "stimulate inquiry and action and evolve new thoughts and methods, rather than to recommend their own manner of effort." In the opinion of Miss Holbrook, "the poor districts of Chicago present features of peculiar interest, not only because in so young a city history is easily traced, but also because their permanence seems less inevitable in a rapidly changing and growing municipality than in a more immovable and tradition-bound civilization." The section marked out for investigation contains, on the west, one of the poorest of the slum districts, and on the east side of the river a district "which ranks as one of the most openly and flagrantly vicious in the civilized world." And it is depressing to find in the latter a large proportion of English-speaking people. The slum section is almost entirely foreign.

The essays in the book help to elucidate the situation of the poor who are crowded into this swarming section of the city. Florence Kelley writes of the sweating-system and wage-earning children, and Isabel Eaton emphasizes her comments with some statistics in regard to cloak-making in Chicago. Mrs. Kelley presents the case so temperately that the facts she describes, the stories of oppression she narrates, are the more impressive and pitiful. Some improvement has been made under the new factory law, but Mrs. Kelley says that "the law

is loosely drawn, the difficulties are many, the progress is slow towards an entire separation of shop and dwelling. Nor will such separation ever be complete until all manufacture in any tenement-house is prohibited by law." This is to her the one necessary and vital reform in this trade. Essays upon the condition of the Jews, Bohemians and Italians in Chicago follow, written in each case by one of their number. Mr. Mastro-Valerio thinks that the only salvation for the Italians lies in sending them to the farms, giving them a kind of life to which they are accustomed; but how this reform is to be accomplished he does not explain. Miss Julia C. Lathrop writes of the Cook County charities, showing where they succeed and where they fail. Her argument for the divorce of politics from these charities is particularly effective. She commends the management of the Cook County Hospital and that of the Relief Agency, and remarks especially the cleanliness of all of these institutions. Miss Ellen Y. Starr's discussion of the relation of art to labor breaks in abruptly upon these practical papers—it is so much more desultory and less definite, and its periods are so Ruskinian. Yet it contains much truth in regard to the civilizing influence of art.

The book is concluded with a noble essay by Miss Jane Addams, on "The Settlement as a Factor in the Labor Movement"—an essay which is broad and fearless and generous. Organization is her remedy for the ills that labor is heir to, and she finds the sewing-trade in a worse condition than any other, because it has not resorted to this expedient. The "design of the Settlement is not so much the initiation of new measures, as fraternal coöperation with all good which it finds in its neighborhood"; and only through concerted action is it possible for workmen to maintain a comfortable position in the world. Miss Addams lays particular stress upon generosity, upon the duty of man to his fellows, and deprecates class warfare and anything which blinds us to the universal brotherhood. "The labor movement must include all men in its hopes," she says; and if all our struggles could be kept upon so high a plane, this would be a wise old world indeed.

### "Twenty-Five Letters on English Authors"

*By Mary Fisher. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.*

THIS BOOK, as we are told in the preface, is "the result of a genuine correspondence," the letters being written "as a supplement to text-book work on the part of the pupil." They might have been improved for publication by the omission of trivial and irrelevant matter and certain very elementary criticisms on the epistolary composition of the girl to whom they were addressed. This particular young person, who is supposed capable of understanding quotations from Taine and Sainte-Beuve, Macaulay and Matthew Arnold, may have been so badly trained in the primary school that she needed to be told not to confound *to* and *too*, nor to write *french* instead of *French*, or *except* for *accept*, and the like; but the average school-girl of fourteen or fifteen is likely to be amused rather than edified by lessons of this kind. Aside from these puerilities, the book contains much literary history and biography in a form well suited to interest and instruct those for whom it is intended. The leading authors from Chaucer to Tennyson are discussed in a familiar way, and sensible suggestions for outside reading are appended. Some of the critical estimates will probably be themselves severely criticised by many teachers; this, for instance:—

"Robert Browning, whom I should be inclined to regard (if Walt Whitman had died in hospital service during the Civil War) as the greatest poetical *canard* that the world has seen since Macpherson laughed at it in 'Ossian.' \* \* \* He was a man of goodly proportions, whose unpardonable fault is that he wanted to pass for a Titan, and so stood on tiptoe, stretched his arms above his head, puffed, shrieked, strained, rocked to and fro, and fell as every man does who will not understand that the soles of



his feet and not the tips of his toes are made for standing on. \* \* \* He is not solicitous about uttering a new truth, but he makes violently convulsive efforts to inflate and stretch a commonplace into the semblance of something new. He seems to share the opinion of a third-rate actor or preacher, that the value of a line does not depend upon what it means, but upon the mouthing and gesticulation that accompany its delivery. It was this point of view that produced 'The Ring and the Book,' commonly regarded as Browning's masterpiece, that is, his best specimen of roaring and spasmodic gesticulating. \* \* \* The theme is a vulgar murder case, an account of which the poet found in an old book picked up from a stall in Florence. \* \* \* The story is told pompously, extravagantly, with an effort at dramatic individualizing which is a dull failure, because it is an impossibility for Browning to lose his identity a moment in that of another person. Mrs. Browning has the same limitation. All her characters are Aurora Leigh, and Aurora Leigh is herself. \* \* \* 'The Blot on the 'Scutcheon' has a theme equally repulsive, and is equally worthy of being—unread. The sporadic Browning cliques are to be accounted for by the fact that a great many good-natured persons pretend to an enthusiasm for what they do not understand, for fear of being thought wanting in soul or lacking in intellectual penetration."

Tennyson does not fare much better at the hands of our critic:—

"He certainly has written some very noble verses and deserves a high rank among poets; but while I say that, I feel myself unable to assign him that rank more definitely. \* \* \* He is too cultivated with that artificial culture associated in my mind with hot-house roses, kid gloves and dress suits. The fresh, earthy, out-of-doors odor is lost in him in perfumes, delicate and exotic, as in 'The Princess,' 'Locksley Hall' and 'Enoch Arden,' or heavy and languorous as in 'Maud.'"

Tennyson gets a page and a half of comment, while Southey has seven pages; and there is much of this disproportion in the treatment of other authors. The book may, nevertheless, be useful to judicious teachers and parents in connection with other manuals of literary history and criticism.

#### "Ancient Rome"

*And its Neighborhood. An Illustrated Handbook to the Ruins in the City and Campagna. By Robert Burn. Macmillan & Co.*

THIS IS A VOLUME of about 300 pages, condensed from the author's larger works, with a few changes in cases where earlier statements needed modification in the light of recent discoveries. It is both topographical and archaeological in scope, and is intended to be a "useful guide for archaeologists and travellers." The introduction treats of the site of Rome and gives a sketch of its architectural history. The ruins are described in groups, the first chapter being devoted to the Palatine Hill and its northern extension, the Velia, the second to the Forum, and so on. A brief outline of the geology of Rome is presented in the ninth chapter. The tenth chapter, dealing with the interesting sites and ruins in the vicinity of the city, is the longest in the book, filling sixty pages. The illustrations are very numerous, and generally well made; among those taken from the author's "Rome and the Campagna" are several which are quite out of date, as that of the circus of Maxentius (p. 230); the Pantheon here still wears the "ass's ears."

The text is subject to the same criticism as that of Mr. Burn's other works: the manner of statement is desultory rather than precise, and often leaves a vague, if not a wrong, impression. Thus, on the first page we read:—"The site of Rome consists of several separate hills, upon which distinct groups of original settlers established themselves." Yet every careful observer knows that of the ten hills reckoned at one time or another as belonging to Rome, only three, the Palatine, Capitoline and Aventine, can properly be called separate; and of these the Capitoline until the second century of our era was connected with the Quirinal by a ridge, which Trajan cut away in order to make room for his Forum. The Quirinal and Viminal, the Esquiline with its two projections, *Mons Cispinus* and *Mons Oppius*, the Caelian, and on

the north the Pincio (*Collis hortorum*), are simply spurs projecting from the line of bluffs which marks the descent from the higher elevation of the Campagna into the valley of the Tiber. On the other side of the river, also, the Janiculum is a high ridge connected with the rolling country beyond, and the Vatican hill is merely a continuation of it in a somewhat different shape. The statement, also, about the groups of original settlers is open to question, especially as the author's language implies that there was a primitive settlement on each hill. Abundant evidence, on the contrary, points to the Palatine as the seat of earliest settlement; and, if there were at any time such groups of inhabitants as suggested, they can hardly have been more than three in number, corresponding with the later division of the people into *Ramnes*, *Tities* and *Luceres*.

A similar looseness of expression interferes with the reader's appreciation of many passages in Mr. Burn's writings, which otherwise bear witness to much painstaking and some degree of originality. As might have been expected from the way in which the book under consideration was made, there are a good many points taken from the earlier works which need still further revision. It is noteworthy that the author still clings to the spelling *Coliseum* for *Colosseum*.

#### Mythology and Folk-lore

1. *Myths of Northern Lands. By H. A. Guerber. American Book Co.*  
2. *The Legends of the Rhine. By H. A. Guerber. A. S. Barnes & Co.*

WITH THE IDEA in mind that the classics of the North "deserve as much attention at our hands as the more graceful and idyllic mythology of the South," the author of "Myths of Greece and Rome" has written an outline—only an outline, to be sure—of the Northern system of mythology (1), explaining briefly the physical significance of the myths, and keeping in mind the aim "to familiarize the English student of letters with the religion of his heathen ancestors, and to set forth, as clearly as possible, the various myths which have exercised an influence over our customs, arts and literature." The plan and purpose, it thus appears, are quite the same as those followed in the earlier book, while other representations of the same stock furnish the material. It may be added that the general style of exposition seems here to be improved, though the feature of quantity naturally suffers a little change. There are, for example, 100 pages less than were given to the classics of the South, and the number of illustrations is reduced from seventy-one to twenty-four.

But this is not all of the recent work of this author, whose name is also on the title-page of a book that "is intended as a contribution to the study of folk-lore, and as a Legendary Guide to the Rhine" (2). It will probably be most widely used by travelers, for, as the compiler further says, "the interest of a Rhine pilgrimage is more than doubled by a knowledge, however superficial, of the legends connected with the principal towns, churches and castles along its banks." Not all the traditions are told, but, from consultation of countless German authorities, the principal ones are gathered and here given. They are narrated in their natural sequence, going from the mouth to the source of the river, and number about 200. In most cases but one legend is given in regard to each place, but the larger places are usually duly represented, Cologne, for example, furnishing sixteen tales. The interest and usefulness of the book are increased by forty full-page illustrations and an index.

#### "The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan"

By James Morier. 1. Illustrated by H. R. Millar. With an introduction by the Hon. George Curzon. Macmillan & Co. 2. With an introduction by E. G. Browne. 2 vols. Stone & Kimball.

IT IS PLEASANT to note the encouragement given in these days to the followers of Charles Lamb's example, "Whenever a n-n-new book comes out, I always r-r-r-read an old one." Thomas Love Peacock, always delightful to people of taste and education, and John Galt, the forerunner of the new Scottish school, are among the writers of the early part of the century whom new editions introduce to the present generation; while we have here two different reproductions of another notable work which first saw the light in 1824. The perennial interest of "Hajji Baba" lies not only in its pleasant imagination, of a kind which might well render

it almost as great a juvenile classic as "The Arabian Nights," but in its accurate picture of the manners and customs of the unchanging Orient "an invaluable contribution to sociology," says Mr. Curzon (1), "which conveys a more truthful and instructive impression of Persian habits, methods, points of view and courses of action than any disquisition of which I am aware in the more serious volumes of statesmen, travellers and men of affairs." The Chicago edition (2), a reprint of the second edition, follows it in omitting the author's original "Introductory Epistle to the Rev. Dr. Fundgruben, Chaplain to the Swedish Embassy at the Ottoman Porte," but provides a good introduction by Mr. Browne; that published by Macmillan gives it, in addition to that by the Hon. Curzon, whose familiarity with the East enables him to speak with knowledge. On one interesting point the two editors disagree. Mr. Browne is quite convinced that, "while the characters are manifestly drawn from life, they are characters created by Morier, not caricatures of actual personages." Mr. Curzon asserts, on the other hand, and we are inclined to believe him, that the book is to a great extent a picture of actual personages and a record of veritable events:—"The figures that move across the stage are not pasteboard creations, but the living personalities, disguised only in respect of their names, with whom Morier was brought into daily contact while at Teheran." Without venturing to decide between the doctors, we hope that many people will be induced to make, or renew, the acquaintance of this agreeable book.

#### Fiction

"HER MAJESTY: a Romance of To-day," by Elizabeth Knight Tompkins, is the story of a queen who goes in disguise among her people (apparently of German race), for the purpose of learning their condition and their wants. In the course of her adventures she is thrown together with a nobleman, also *incognito*, and a power among the populace. The pair end by falling in love with one another, very conveniently, as it happens, since a revolution hurls the Queen from her throne into the arms of her new-found lover. It is all pleasant enough as a story, but from the artistic point of view it is irretrievably marred by the fact that Queen and Count alike converse throughout the book in the plainest of plain American. "Darkey," "too fresh," "hydrant," "your missus," "do let up on that," "give me away," "what's the matter with that?" "fire ahead,"—here is a small selection from their vocabulary. After the delicate grace of "Prince Otto" and the strong consistency of "The Prisoner of Zenda," this kind of thing is a little disappointing. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the book has gained the approval of many readers, for its good qualities outweigh the bad. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

NOTWITHSTANDING OUR admiration for Frank Frankfort Moore's cleverness, we confess to having approached his "They Call It Love" with a disinclination which we believed justified by the title. But here is no diseased animal, no "revolting daughter"—only a delightfully witty tale, cleverly conceived and carried out. Mr. Moore's heroine is of the tribe of Rosalind, and she has for father a delightful old philosopher, who urges her to be natural before all things, to the provocation of not a few delicious situations. To find that the author burdens his story with a changeling and a mystery of hereditary insanity is more than we expected as a sequence of the pure comedy of his beginning, but we can forgive even that in our thankfulness for a woman to warm the heart's core and make a bright day brighter. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)—"APPLEDORE FARM" is an altogether inconsiderable story, by Katharine S. Macquoid. It deals with the love affairs of a West of England farmer's daughter, who philanders with a young collegian, and later marries a "sturdy honest Englishman" of her own class, illustrating thereby her good luck and the dangers of youthful flirtation. The moral is the only thing about the story that is good. It is a dull book for unimaginative people, and, if its circulation is limited only by the number of its qualified readers, it will have a large sale. (United States Book Co.)

MR. GEORGE GISSING, one of the younger English realists, having made a success with a recent book, "In the Year of Jubilee," has followed it up, as is the wont of authors who suddenly find publishers cordial, with what is apparently an early MS. "Eve's Ransom" is the tale of the *Wanderjahr* of a young mechanical draughtsman in unexpected possession of a sum of money. The

inevitable woman allows him to spend his money upon her, and then, being the heroine of a moral Birmingham author, decides to flout the mechanic and marry a dealer in brass beds, who can take her to garden-parties. The book very properly ends with the conclusion by the mechanic that he has exemplified the proverb about the man and his money who are soon parted. (D. Appleton & Co.)—"A FREE LANCE IN A FAR LAND," by Herbert Compton, is a book of the *mode*, being an account of the fortunes of an English picaroon who sheds blood with heroic prodigality in India in the days before Clive, and who, like other free adventurers, establishes himself upon a maharajah's throne. There are numerous battles and several villains, and the action of the story moves briskly. It lacks the touch of absolute interest, however, and in consequence Mr. Compton cannot yet be placed in the joyous company of Doyle, Weyman, Hope *et al.* (Cassell Pub. Co.)

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IN "THE STARK-MUNRO LETTERS," Dr. A. Conan Doyle makes a good beginning, but only to reach a lame and impotent conclusion. The form of a series of letters was apparently chosen for two reasons—one, that the English hero might have an American correspondent; the other, that he might unburden his soul to said correspondent on questions of religion but remotely connected with the course of the story. The most important of the characters is not the hero, but a young Dr. Cullingworth, with whom he enters into partnership. This is a type of the man who would do, at all costs, and his disregard of the ethics of his profession might reasonably lead to much discussion of the finer points of conduct, and of the propriety of looking to science and enlightened self-interest to take the place of religion. The hero denies the claims of religion, but is still governed by its doctrines, and, partly in consequence thereof, fails in business and in life, while the more thoroughly selfish Cullingworth succeeds. The latter strikes one as a sketch from life, strong, but by no means agreeable. When he is allowed to drop out of the book, the interest ceases, and it would gain very much as a story by being cut down a full third. There are a good many neatly turned, epigrammatic things, which just fall short of being quotable, and the violence, the inventive energy and the suspiciousness of Cullingworth keep the reader on the *qui vive* for half a dozen chapters, only to disappoint him by the tame ending. (D. Appleton & Co.)

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DICKENS'S "Great Expectations," in the new edition of his works edited by his son, is, as to the text, a reprint of the edition corrected by the author in 1869. In his introduction, the editor gives the genesis of the book, which grew out of a short story written, or partly written, in 1860. The original manuscript appears to have been lost or destroyed, and the work went through several alterations in successive editions, down to the one now followed. "Hard Times," the first instalment of which appeared in *Household Words* of 1 April 1854, is reprinted in the same volume. The stories contain the old illustrations by Marcus Stone, F. A. Frazer and F. Walker.—"JACOB FAITHFUL," which amused Thackeray while he was laid up with fever and ague on his trip down the Mississippi, is reprinted in a handsome style, with good, readable type and clever pen-and-ink illustrations by Henry M. Brock. Mr. David Hannay furnishes a short introduction, giving many curious details about Thames water-thieves of the early part of the century.—"ORMOND" is the last of Maria Edgeworth's novels in the writing of which she was aided—or hindered—by her remarkable father, who read the proofs on his death-bed. The new edition, illustrated by Mr. Carl Schloesser with pictures which would be more in place in a German novel, has a short but clever introduction by Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie. (Macmillan & Co.)

#### Theological Literature

PROF. A. V. G. ALLEN of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge has gathered his two lectures before the Yale Divinity School in a neat little book, entitled "Religious Progress." He discusses this vital theme first as it manifests itself in the experience of the individual, and then in the organic life of the Church. After making a little very appropriate fun of Lord Macaulay, he discusses the question whether progress in religion is possible. He thinks that the movement of Christianity is not in a flat circle, despite the rhetorician who had been "browsing on" Ranke, and discusses the method of growth by reaction, the theory of a uniform development, and the conception of progress implied in conservatism. In his second lecture he shows how the Apostolic Church



became first the Catholic, and then the Roman, Church. Just as the conflict between Peter and Paul was solved, so he believes that it is quite possible, also, to unite in a higher harmony the issues raised by the Reformation and that form of the faith whose centre is in Rome. According to him, there must be an appeal to the past in all progressive movements in the Church, and the greatest of all returns is the return to Christ Himself, for which all previous movements have been preparing the way. Despite the many efforts to retell the story of the incarnation, the conviction grows that the life of Christ must always remain to be written. It is in the power of His life that the religious differences which now distinguish His followers will no longer divide or separate them. The very modesty of this book is its charm. Prof. Allen knows human nature as well as history, and he has no patent remedy, ecclesiastical, scholastic, exegetic, political, or otherwise. He believes only in that higher unity which must swallow up all those minor differences which he neither seeks to evade nor to lessen. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

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ONE CANNOT BUT BE impressed with the trend of the homiletic literature of this as compared with the previous generation. The outlook is largely away from doctrinal and scholastic presentation of the truth, to that which concerns the social welfare of the masses of men. In a word, the ambition of the preachers of the Gospel seems to be to save men first for this life, and to show more confidence in God by their faith that He will take care of the life hereafter. The Rev. Frederick William Hamilton, who delivered, at the Church of Our Father at Pawtucket, R. I., during the winter of 1893-4, eight lectures on "The Church and Secular Life," has gathered his stalks into a sheaf. In each lecture he shows the relation of the Church to some vital phase of human activity. He discusses the relation of the institution founded by Christ to education, charity, business, labor, politics, reform, and society. His style is not at all fascinating, and his paragraphs are long and heavy, unrelieved by literary or poetical decoration and variety, but he is thoroughly in earnest and entirely practical, withal level-headed and full of the spirit of the Master. His lecture on "The Church and Politics" is especially searching and casts light on some dark places. A book of this kind is a good sign of the times. With such preaching, the kingdom of the world will the sooner become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ. (Boston: Universalist Pub'g House.)—THE REV. DR. A. C. THOMPSON, so long an active member of the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, has investigated the whole subject of Christian missions with patient scholarship and vital sympathy with the workers in the field. The latest of his three volumes on the subject is devoted to the general subject of "Protestant Missions. Their Rise and Early Progress." He examines carefully the early German, Dutch, English and American Colonial attempts to spread the glad tidings, and in so doing opens to our view several exceedingly interesting chapters of American history. The headwaters of the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers seem to have been especially the seats of holy activity, and the life and character of David Brainerd are clothed with new and fascinating vitality. A careful study of the Danish missions at Tranquebar and in Greenland concludes the work, which has, also, a valuable appendix and index. The book is a well-digested epitome of the history of early Protestant missions. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

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IT IS SAID that in no year since the Crusades have there been so many Christian pilgrims in Palestine as there are in 1895; and most of them, doubtless, will embody their observations in books. Up to date, however, there is nothing quite equal in its way to "The Historical Geography of the Holy Land," by George Adams Smith, D.D. It is the work of a veteran scholar, to whom the land and the book are almost as familiar as his native country and tongue. Thoroughly in sympathy with the recent progress of Biblical criticism, while yet able to contest the textual and historical conclusions of both German and English-writing critics, he has in reality furnished the first geography of the Holy Land in which the critical methods are employed by a master. He excludes the geography of Phœnicia and Lebanon, as well as the topography of Jerusalem. Dr. Smith never visited Phœnicia; he considers that Lebanon lies properly outside the Holy Land, and, in place of what might have been assigned to Jerusalem, he devotes as much space as possible to Eastern Palestine, of which we have had hitherto no complete geography. Naturally, one looks at the mechanical equipment of a book which is to be the tool rather

than the ornament of the scholar's desk. Apart from the attractive type, paper and binding, the six maps are unusually interesting and informing, withal handsomely printed and colored. For a long time to come, evidently, the finest illustration of the geography of Palestine will be found in the English survey maps, and these, with their careful shadings and colorings, expression of altitudes, and information both ancient and modern (even the telegraph lines being given), greatly aid the busy student. Besides appendices and discussions, there are full indexes—one of general subjects and the other of authorities. (A. C. Armstrong & Son.)

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ONE OF THE THINGS for which Christians must be prepared during the next few centuries, is the earnest attempts of the various religionists of the East to convert them to their forms of faith. Surely, our great country ought to welcome these missionaries from Oriental lands, who, even when they cannot come in person, will appear vicariously in ink and paper. One of the evidences of the extension of the Parliament of Religions over all the earth is manifest in a little book of a hundred pages entitled "A Buddhist Catechism," by Subhadra Bhikshu. It has been translated into English from a fourth German edition, and contains a concise representation of Buddhism according to the oldest and most authentic sources, *viz.*, the Ceylonese Pali manuscripts of the "Tipitakam." In a word, this little manual has nothing to say about the great Northern Buddhism, or the teachings of the Greater Vehicle, but gives in simple outline, and in the form of question and answer, the doctrines of the Southern Buddhists. The text is well provided, also, with footnotes, which are as violently polemic as are those of many Christian missionaries. Some of these notes are decidedly naive in their assertions about the ignorance and unscientific mental attitude of Europeans. The simple value of the book is greatly injured by the attempt to show that the "life of Jesus as told by the Evangelist corresponds so strongly in its essential points with the short extracts from the life of Buddha as rendered here, that one is involuntarily forced to the conclusion that the legend of the Buddha has served the Evangelist writers as model for their life of Jesus of Nazareth." On the contrary, we think the critical student is involuntarily forced to a totally different conclusion. Apart from these criticisms, this handy little book is an exceedingly valuable epitome of the dogmas of Southern Buddhism, and contains in outline the main features of that remarkable system, which, whether we call it religion or philosophy, is the skeptic's solution of the mysteries of the universe. Buddhism is the atheistic form of the evolutionary theory applied to the conduct of life. The Ceylonese monk or teacher who here sets forth so clearly and beautifully the Buddhist theory, legend and doctrine, scouts anything that can be called "esoteric" Buddhism. He denies anything like a secret Buddhist doctrine, preserved by transmission among the Arahas, and omits all legendary, mystic and occult accessories with which the teachings of Gautama have been adorned and encumbered. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

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BISHOP J. M. THOBURN, whose reputation as a hard-working missionary is assured, delivered at Syracuse University, in the early part of this year, a series of lectures, which he has gathered together under the title of "The Christless Nations." This genuine Christian does not talk much about "the heathen." To him, the men who know not Christ are brothers and friends who have not yet the inestimable advantage of knowing the true way. He discusses strongly and clearly the various possibilities and problems of missionary societies, the question of women in the mission field, and lays stress upon changed conditions. After thirty-six years of hard work, his tone is cheerful and optimistic, and there is no evidence in his book of fear of critical scholarship concerning the Bible, or of any lack of power in true Christianity to grapple with the questions of the time at home or abroad. It is a strong and wholesome book. (Hunt & Eaton.)—"HYMNS FOR PRIVATE USE" have been brought together by the Rev. H. C. Shuttleworth. This collection, while new and fresh in outward form, might honorably be called "Old Hundred," for we have here, so to speak, a string of as many pearls of English hymnody. There are few strange and many favorite sacred poems in the booklet, which demonstrates again how music soothes the savage breast, for in this temple of sacred song there are no heretics, despite the names of authors branded by convocation, synod and council. The compiler has done his work with skill and taste. (London: Gay & Bird.)

## Our Bicycle Prize Poems

IN ANNOUNCING the *Critic* competition for prizes for the best two poems on bicycling or the bicycle, the *Cleveland Herald* said:—

"All manuscripts must be typewritten and signed with some assumed name never before employed by the writer, and the real name of each writer must be enclosed in a sealed envelope marked only with the assumed name. In this way the novice and the champion will be placed on an equal footing, as far as the effect of prestige upon the judges is concerned, and the free-for-all will be a fair contest devoid of the handicap features which render competition between famous writers and beginners more hopelessly unequal than it would be if they were decided altogether upon the basis of merit.

"Under such conditions this wheel race ought to bring out some brilliant sprinting by the poets who have equipped their muse with pneumatic tires instead of the old-fashioned wings formerly evoked by bards undertaking great tasks. If some cranks do not make the wheels of their imagination go round with startling effect, it will be stranger than a defeat for 'Zimmy' in a match race, and there will be plenty of broken feet and lame rhymes, if not more serious injuries to the language and to the laws of verse."

There was "some brilliant sprinting" and the best wheels won, as was shown by the poems which we printed last week. It is safe to say that the five pages on the wheel and wheeling to which we treated our readers will tend to make many converts to a form of exercise and recreation especially adapted to the needs of literary workers.

We should have included in our list of "Authors on the Wheel" Judge Robert Grant. "The Art of Living" of course includes the art of wheeling.

## The Lounger

THE UNITED STATES Circuit Court of Appeals at San Francisco has decided in favor of the Leland Stanford estate, which decision gives the latter some \$15,000,000. Of course, this will set the Leland Stanford, Jr., University on its feet. Had the case gone for the Government, instead of against it, Mrs. Stanford would, says the *Tribune*, "have had to face the alternative of either seeing the University close its doors, or else of fulfilling her promise to sell her jewels in order to provide for its maintenance." While I am very glad that Mrs. Stanford was not obliged to sacrifice her jewels, I can imagine a more terrible alternative. Jewels are neither one's flesh nor one's blood. If the mother of the Gracchi had been obliged to sacrifice her jewels, it would have been another matter.

FROM *The St. James's Gazette* I learn that London has a factory for the making of penny-dreadfuls. It is not in a very flourishing condition, for the pay is poor—from seventy-five cents to a dollar per 1000 words. The "factory" consists of a small, low-roofed room up five flights of stairs in the neighborhood of Fleet Street. The "factory hands" are four men who sit at a long deal table "covered with the picturesque ornamentations of various ink-stains, and four more or less dilapidated chairs." One of the four explained to the *St. James's* representative that "scarcely any plot is required—merely a thread running through the story, on which we string the adventures like beads. The threads are all very similar. The hero goes abroad in search of immense treasure, or else devotes his life to discovering the murderer of his father; and, chapter after chapter, he performs marvellous feats of skill and daring, until the last one, in which the villain is killed and all ends happily." One man supplies the plots—he gets them from anywhere and everywhere; another (he has never been out of London) writes the sea stories, a third the Indian stories, though, until Buffalo Bill went to London, he never saw an Indian. The fourth man is a "public-school man and a cut above this kind of work, though he is past doing anything better now. Once he was a rising author, but his first success ruined him." We have a well-known author in New York who writes penny-dreadfuls over an assumed name, but he doesn't work in a "factory," nor is he, so far as I know, compelled by necessity to do this sort of thing. He apparently does it from choice. The readers of such tales as "Phil the Policeman; or, the Mystery of the Little Attic Room," do not suspect that their favorite author writes of fashionable life for another class of readers in another quarter of the town over another name.

"PIERRE LOTI is never idle," writes Mme. Adam, in a paper on the well-known French novelist. This I can readily understand, as no man can be idle who is photographed so much. Not

only is M. Loti photographed, but he is photographed in every sort of dress, for he seems to have a mania for dressing in fancy costumes. No one, except the German Emperor and possibly the Prince of Wales, spends as much time before the camera as Pierre Loti.



MME. ADAM, who made her reputation as a writer over the signature of Juliette Lambert, dropped that name altogether when she became the founder and editor of the *Nouvelle Revue*. Though only in her sixtieth year, she has retired from the editorship of the *Revue* to devote the remainder of her days to writing her memoirs. As they are to fill several

volumes, this will keep her busy for a long time to come. Mme. Adam is the only Frenchwoman of modern times who has been the mistress of a *salon* of any reputation. Others have tried, but she alone has succeeded. I present herewith a portrait of this gifted woman.

T. S. WRITES to me from Paris:—"I am prompted by your favorable notice, in a recent issue of *The Critic*, of the late George P. A. Healy's 'Reminiscences of a Portrait Painter,' to give you the genesis of that entertaining little volume. I was often struck, as must have been all visitors to the interesting studio and pleasant family circle in the Rue de la Rochefoucauld, where Mr. Healy lived and worked for so many years, by the quantity and excellence of the anecdotes with which the affable host was wont to spice his conversation. On one occasion, when Mr. Healy was more delightfully reminiscent than usual, I suggested to his literary daughter, Mrs. Mary Bigot ('Jeanne Mairé'), then the wife, now the widow, of that refined French publicist, Charles Bigot, that her father fall into line with the rest of the world and write his memoirs. She was pleased with the idea, offered to act as amanuensis and soon sent me three or four chapters as specimens of what the whole would be. These I found so readable, that I advised their being offered to American magazines and journals, so that a large number of these recollections were printed in *The Century*, *The North American Review*, *The Youth's Companion*, etc., before they appeared in their present book-form."

AN ASTUTE AND SUCCESSFUL New York publisher once said to me that he thought it a misfortune for a publisher to make a success with his first book. This seemed to me rather a strange statement, and I asked for an explanation. "It is simply this," he remarked. "If his first book is a phenomenal success, he thinks that his second and his third will be, not because they have the elements of popularity in them, but because he publishes them. He becomes self-confident and thinks it impossible that he should make a mistake. It is much better for him to have some hard knocks at first." I thought of this at the time of the failure of Messrs. Charles L. Webster & Co. The first publication of



this firm was the Grant Memoirs. The extraordinary success of that book is well known. Everyone with memoirs to publish at once flew to this firm, believing (and the firm no doubt shared that belief) that its imprint would make the fortune of the book. It was quite natural to think this, but what was the result? Mr. Webster died from overstrain and worry, and Mark Twain is today a bankrupt seeking to pay his debts by a lecturing-tour around the world. Perhaps, after all, my friend the publisher is right; and if success had come less suddenly to Charles L. Webster & Co., Mr. Webster might have been alive to-day, and Mr. Clemens enjoying the comfortable result of his labors by his own fire-side, instead of the discomforts of a world-embracing lecturing-tour.

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OUR ENGLISH COUSINS are very fond of girding at us for discussing topics of an unimportant, not to say silly, nature in our newspapers. I freely admit that we are given to this vice. But are the English newspapers altogether free from it? Not all. Those that have fallen into my hands of late have been filled with long accounts of, and interviews with, one Jane Cakebread, a notorious and incorrigible "D. & D.", who has been sent to jail 289 times for drinking more beer than was good for her. Jane has earned a certain distinction from her repeated "juggings," but it hardly seems to me that she has done anything to deserve the amount of attention she has received at the hands of the English press. The *Chronicle* went so far as to give her portrait, drawn by Phil May.

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ADELINA PATTI in a recent interview published in *Cassell's Family Magazine* says that her mother always declared that her cry as a baby was "a song in itself—a melodious call for help." Mme. Patti, however, believes that she cried "just as shrilly as any other baby." She tells how she used to trundle her hoop in Broadway, and adds that she trundled it well. "Whatever I did I always put my whole heart into it. I'm not sure that hasn't been the secret of my success all through life." This is something to think about for those persons who believe that genius is exempt from the necessity of taking pains, notwithstanding that it has been defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains. Of course, like most epigrams, this is only a half-truth. There are plenty of people who have the greatest capacity for taking pains, but are guiltless of the least spark of genius.

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A LADY WHO signs herself Florence Balgarnie writes to *The British Weekly* to defend Sónya Kovalévsky against her biographer, the Duchess of Cajanello. From people who knew Sónya, this lady is confirmed in her belief that "it was not Sónya, but Mme. Leffler the biographer, who was the victim of 'overwrought passion.' Leffler divorced her Swedish husband for the one sole object of marrying the Italian Duke of Cajanello. \* \* \* With her more limited capacities centred on her all-consuming passion, she read her own ideas into the picture she attempted to draw of her former friend." Mme. Kovalévsky, adds this lady, was "an idealist and an enthusiast for the movement of young Russia," and "singularly free from those particular characteristics with which Mme. Leffler so lavishly endows her." There is no doubt but that Sónya, as seen in her autobiography, is a much more interesting and attractive person than the Sónya painted by Mme. Leffler.

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IT IS SAID in all seriousness that the bicycle is "grievously affecting the book-trade in Paris." But Mr. Sherard, who is a pretty keen observer, says that the bicycle is not "to blame entirely for the existing 'slump.'" He thinks that the authors "have themselves largely to thank for the present state of things, which seems to indicate a tardy if effectual revolt against the kind of wares which the manufacturers of literature have for so many years past been forcing on the French public. Doubtless the introduction of sports, the spread of the fashion of taking abundant out-of-door exercise, and the consequent general elevation of tone, both physical and moral, have disgusted both men and women with the morbid and unhealthy rubbish which in their days of degeneration was their spiritual pabulum." If the bicycle had done nothing but this, the world would owe it a debt of gratitude. I wish that it would do as much for England, and drive the yellowness out of its literature.

## A Memorial Window

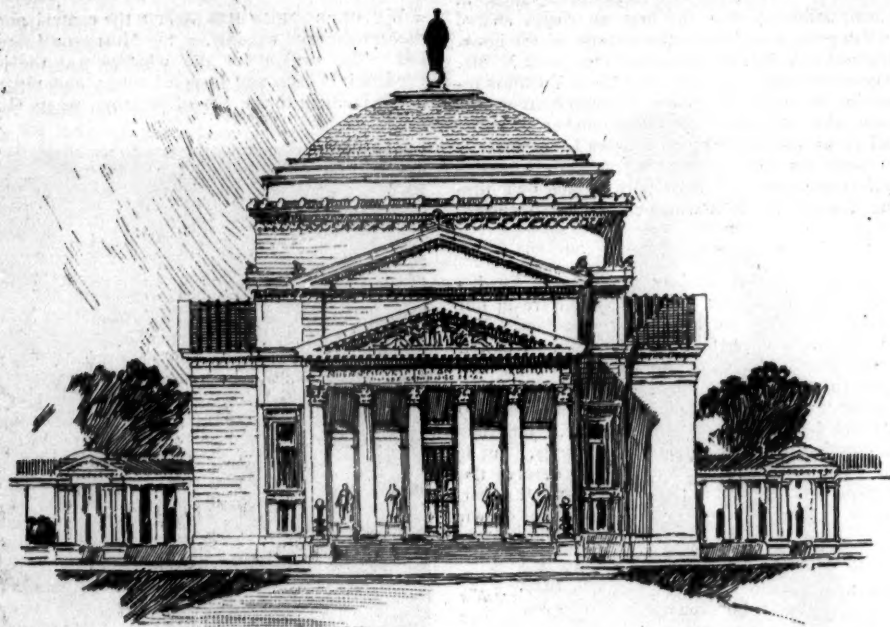
WE REPRODUCE HERewith the central portion of the Morrisson memorial window, in the Morrisson Library, at Richmond, Ind. The design for the window was the joint production of Frederick Wilson and Joseph Lauber, and represents that memorable incident in the art of printing, when Guttenberg demon-



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strated to Fust and Schoeffer the possibility of printing from movable type. The window, as well as the glass employed in its construction, was made under the immediate supervision of Mr. Louis C. Tiffany.

The lights surrounding the figure portion of the window are instructive as well as ornamental. In the lower ones are portrayed three forms of books in use before Guttenberg—namely, wax tablets of the Romans carrying an extract from the works of Cicero, the scroll of the Greeks with quotations from the Phædrus of Plato, and, lastly, the missal of the Middle Ages, with an appropriate inscription. In the two side-lights there is the Tree of Knowledge.



## The Library of the University of the City of New York

THE PLANS for this new Library, drawn by McKim, Mead & White, have been finally adopted, and ground will be broken for its erection this afternoon, at the dedication of the Hall of Languages and the Havemeyer Laboratory. The program of the ceremonies, so far as it was completed when this number of *The Critic* went to press, included the opening prayer by ex-Chancellor Dr. John Hall, and addresses by Mr. Charles Butler, Chancellor MacCracken, Gov. Morton, Chancellor A. J. Upson of the Regents of the State of New York, and Mayor Strong, who will speak in behalf of the city. Mr. Butler, by the way, took part in the opening of the old building on Washington Square, sixty years ago. Congratulations will be offered, on the part of the Association of the Universities and Colleges of the Middle States, by President Hill of Rochester, N. Y.; from the Association of Universities and Colleges of New England, by President M. E. Gates of Amherst; and in behalf of the whole body of schools in the United States, by the United States Commissioner of Education, Dr. William T. Harris. The formality of declaring the new buildings open for the uses of the University will follow, and also the formal opening of the Ohio Athletic Field by Mayor Strong. The breaking of ground will end the ceremonies. It is rumored that the gift of another building, by an unknown friend of the University, will be announced on this occasion.

The new Library will be in classical Renaissance style, to harmonize with the Hall of Languages and the Hall of Philosophy, between which it will stand. Like all the buildings of the proposed quadrangle, it will be of yellowish gray brick and limestone, with roofs of Spanish tiles. Besides the Library proper, the building will contain a commencement hall, museum and faculty room, so arranged, however, that eventually the museum and auditorium can be converted into library rooms, thus furnishing, when necessary, space for 1,000,000 volumes. The grand entrance to the Library will be from the Campus, through a portico supported by six columns, thirty feet in height. The entrance hall, extending across the entire front, will likewise be thirty feet high. Access to the Library proper will be had by a staircase, ten feet wide. At the head of the stairs, the faculty room and administrative room will be located. The Library hall will be 100 feet in length and of the same breadth, surrounded by a circular corridor, which may be divided into twenty-six alcoves, the plan being to devote at least one alcove to each department of tuition. The reference-library and books but little in demand will be kept in a separate room. An ambulatory, with

classic columns supporting the roof, will connect the Library with the Hall of Languages on one side and the Hall of Philosophy on the other.

The picture given here is from the *Tribune*.

## Educational Notes

PROF. HAUPT, the head of the Oriental Department of Johns Hopkins University, has returned to Baltimore from Europe. He brings with him proof-sheets of the new Hebrew Bible, together with the new English translation of it, of which he is editor-in-chief, and the great Oriental library of the late Prof. Christian Frederick August Dillmann of the University of Berlin. Speaking of this library, the *Baltimore American* says:—"Preparations are already being made for the reception of this immense library of some 5000 volumes. Through the generosity of a citizen of Baltimore, who is too modest to allow his name to be used, Prof. Haupt was presented with 20,000 marks with which to purchase the library. It is one of the most valuable Semitic libraries in the world as regards works upon the Biblical languages, and there is scarcely any doubt that it will be equalled by none in America. Many of the volumes are exceedingly rare and costly, and what makes them of even greater value is the fact that they are annotated copiously by Prof. Dillmann's own hand. The volumes will be placed in the room of the Oriental Seminary, and will go by the name of the Dillmann Collection. Besides the books proper, the collection will be enhanced in interest and value by a life-size painting of Prof. Dillmann, by his daughter, who is a talented artist; a painting of his house in Berlin and that in which he was born, personal relics, manuscripts and a collection of his scientific correspondence with other great Biblical and Semitic scholars. These additions have been presented to the University by Prof. Dillmann's family. His daughter will also design a book-plate, to be put in each volume of the collection."

With the next volume in their series of Economic Classics, Macmillan & Co. make a new departure. Hitherto the series has been composed of reprints from the writings of the well-known English economists of the past, but the next volume will be a translation from a German economist of to-day, viz., the essay on "The Mercantile System and Its Historical Significance," by Prof. Gustav Schmoller of Berlin, translated by Prof. Ashley of Harvard. It presents a sketch of the general development of trade and industry from the early Middle Ages to modern times. The essay is of especial interest as an example of the actual work of the German historical school of economists, and the attitude taken by it on the vexed question of state action in the economic field.



## London Letter

*The Yellow Book*, it is said, is shortly to be out-colored. Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's connection with that original quarterly having been severed, it occurred to another (and a new) publisher, that his services as art-editor ought not to be left to rust in idleness. Thereupon, a new artistic quarterly was projected, and is shortly to be upon us. The adventurous publisher is Mr. Leonard Smithers, who recently issued Mr. Arthur Symons's "London Nights," and Mr. Symons himself is to be literary editor. He will be supported on the staff by Mr. George Moore; and, among others, by Mr. F. Norreys Connell, a gentleman who has recently caused a deal of good-natured amusement by replying in various papers to unfavorable reviews of his "House of the Strange Woman." His real name, I believe, is, Mr. Conal Holmes O'Connell O'Riordan, and, besides being an Irish *littérateur*, he is responsible for christening *The Speaker*. Mr. Connell is also an ardent supporter of the Independent Theatre. It is not difficult to prophesy from the connection of these different names, that the new periodical is likely to aim at achieving that easy license which *The Yellow Book*, after a single gasp, dropped and deserted. We shall see what we shall see.

Dr. Nordau returned home on Tuesday of the present week, having a few evenings earlier met a number of his old friends at dinner at Mr. Heinemann's. Among these were Mr. Albert D. Vandam, the well-known "Englishman in Paris," who has been a friend of Nordau from his youth up, and Mr. Sidney Whitman—the one Englishman for whom Bismarck has entertained a lasting friendship. And this reminds me that Mr. Whitman will put forth during the present autumn a volume of "Teuton Studies," which is likely to be full of interest both here and in America. It will contain essays on the past and present status of the German people, on the labor question, and on various intimate Teuton sentiments, and is to conclude with a couple of lengthy articles upon Bismarck, recounting the principal features of the home at Friedrichsruh, and giving a study in character of the great man himself. Many scribes have written fluently of Bismarck, but no Englishman has had Mr. Whitman's opportunities of knowing the ex-Chancellor and of appreciating his true nature. His book will be written from the point of view, not of the journalist, but of the sympathetic friend; and it is safe to attract considerable attention.

Mr. Crockett continues his lively career, and, despite his immense fecundity, he really seems to strengthen with each of his new books. "The Men of the Moss-Hags" is likely to prove the most popular thing he has yet done, and I hear golden opinions in advance of "Sweetheart Travellers," which is shortly to be at the libraries. By the way, was there ever an author who had so many publishers as Mr. Crockett? Mr. Fisher Unwin was the first to lift him into the public gaze; but now each of his novels bears a different imprint. Messrs. Bliss, Sands & Foster issued "Bog-Myrtle and Peat," Messrs. Isbister "The Moss-Hags," and Messrs. Wells & Gardner are to have "Sweetheart Travellers." And all this within a single year! Mr. Crockett is also to write a chapter in the study of Robert Louis Stevenson which is to form the second volume in Dr. Robertson Nicoll's Contemporary Writers Series. The main body of the book is, as in the case of Mr. Hardy's "Life," to be written by Miss Annie Macdonnell, Dr. Nicoll's invaluable assistant upon *The Bookman*.

It is not improbable that the problem of the "hardship of publishing" will shortly receive an additional impetus in the question of reviewers' copies. The custom of sending out books for review has grown so greatly of late years that now every paltry provincial paper expects its copy, and certain publishers have been in the habit of sending out as many as ten per cent. of the edition printed to various editors. Now, it is obvious that this must knock a large hole in the profit; and Mr. J. M. Dent, who, by rigidly reckoning out the cost of production, has been able to issue some of the cheapest and prettiest books in the market, has determined to fight the matter. This last week he has published Mr. H. G. Wells's "The Wonderful Visit," and has sent out, I am told, no more than two review copies. Inquiring editors are told that if they want the book, it can be had of any bookseller for so much. Mr. Wells is no bad man to fight on, for his "Time-Machine" was a vast success, and "The Wonderful Visit" is an exceedingly clever piece of work. But, with an unknown author, Mr. Dent's scheme would be financial suicide. The average reader orders his books almost entirely on reviews, or upon talk following on reviews, and, if a book was sedulously boycotted by the press, it could scarcely by any possibility make its way. No

doubt, however, this latest move will have the result of cutting down the free-list, and absolutely worthless papers will no longer be supplied, on application, with worthy and expensive volumes.

Mr. John Lane is going to follow up the successful Key-notes series with a new Library to be called the Pierrot. Mr. Lane has had this little matter on his mind for some months, and his visit to America in the spring was partly connected with his plans for an American edition. The volumes are to be no larger than the Tauchnitz, and the price will be half-a-crown net. Mr. Aubrey Beardsley will be responsible for the artistic decorations. Mr. de Vere Stacpole will lead off with a tale bearing the name of the series, and Mr. Egerton Castle will follow hard upon him. The library is pretty sure to be popular, for Mr. Lane has a singular knack of commanding and retaining success.

Mr. Robert H. Sherard of the Author's Club has recently been contributing to *The Author* certain rather inarticulate notes upon a class of men whom he calls "literary black-legs." The current number of *The Author* contains an astounding puzzle, which may appeal to the ingenious who have also a care for the inconsiderable. Mr. Sherard declares, with the secret reservation of a detective, that there is stalking about at this moment in London, a successful author, a novelist, a man who has made money, a man who is known to Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Harold Frederic and Mr. Robert H. Sherard of the Author's Club himself, who has actually, in the interest of some low firm of publishers, been offering work to impecunious authors at the rate of one guinea for 1100 words! Small wonder that, faced by such "crural nigritude," Mr. Sherard becomes hysterical. "I wonder," he cries (or words to that effect), "I wonder how that author feels when he looks at himself in the glass." I wonder how Mr. Sherard feels when he writes such colossal nonsense. Who the novelist is, what he wants, and whom he wants it for, I have not the ghost of a notion. But I have even less conception of the heinousness of his crime. A guinea a thousand words is not, it is true, very handsome pay; but a large number of weekly papers pay no more than a guinea for a column which carries close upon a thousand words, and a large number of men are found to do the work, and gladly. Moreover, even suppose the wage to be inadequate, there is no compulsion upon Mr. Sherard, or upon any other member of the Author's Club, to accept the black-legged novelist's ungenerous offer; and, having gone home with his refusal, there is nothing under high heaven, or above it, to urge that ill-favored novelist from the sight of his reflected features! Frankly, it is amazing that people should be so lacking in a sense of humor as to indulge in such ineffectual and infantile petulance. Still, it serves for a moment's smile!

A good deal of entertaining literary gossip may be expected from "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century," a series to be started immediately by Dr. Robertson Nicoll and Mr. T. J. Wise. The work is said to be founded mainly on manuscript material, and the first volume will contain the trial of William Blake, letters of Shelley to Leigh Hunt, and new information concerning Arthur Hallam and the Tennysons. It is not stated to what length the series will run; but, at a first glance, it seems as though it might prove inexhaustible.

LONDON, 5 Oct. 1895.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

## The Canadian Copyright Question

IN A LETTER to the *Tribune*, Mr. Henry Kleinau of Hachette & Co. makes the following pertinent observations:—

"The great International Agreement, drawn up and approved by the Berne Convention of 1887, is the outcome of fifty years' struggle to protect fully the legitimate rights of literary and artistic property in every part of the world. \* \* \* By the adoption, however, of the manufacturing clause in their act of 1890, the Canadians must inevitably forfeit all the protective rights afforded by the Berne Convention; and the more one reflects upon this, the clearer it becomes that the Canadian legislative body cannot have realized the importance of its decision. It is, of course, possible—though by no means certain—that Canadian printers may make larger gains, and that their industry may become more important. But what would this advantage be in comparison with the removal of all international copyright protection in every part of the world for all the Canadian publishers? The interests, too, of the Canadian author, painter, sculptor, musical composer, designer, engraver, lithographer, photographer, architect and scientist seem to have been totally overlooked. As a result of the final adoption of the new act in its present form—and Canada's consequent isolation from the

Berne Convention,—all copyright productions issued within the Dominion could be freely pirated by foreign countries without any hindrance whatever. \* \* \*

"The conditions of the Berne Convention are essentially based upon the mutual reciprocity of nations. \* \* \* In what positions would British authors find themselves if, for instance, such important book-manufacturing centres of Germany as the kingdoms of Saxony, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, or the Grand-duchy of Baden, determined, on the same plea, to free themselves from the restrictions imposed upon the whole of Germany by the Berne Convention? \* \* \* There are analogous cases in nearly every country. The French and Spanish colonies might, likewise, deem it advantageous to follow in the wake of Canada, but it is pretty certain that their respective home governments would not tolerate such exceptions. \* \* \* If such exceptions are to be allowed, piracy, I fear, would soon be again the order of the day. The people who would suffer most would be the authors in English-speaking countries. Is it, then, possible that the British Government will be so short-sighted as to sanction a measure fraught with so much mischief and danger? The Berne Convention may possibly require modification, but the endeavor of every honest person should be to strengthen this 'international bond,' which, like the 'postal union,' should take effect in nearly every country of the world."

## The Drama

### Mr. Jefferson at the Garden Theatre

NEARLY TEN YEARS have elapsed since Mr. Joseph Jefferson last was seen in this city in the character of Caleb Plummer in "The Cricket on the Hearth," which he revived in the Garden Theatre on Monday evening. The impersonation is one of his finest achievements—only second to his Rip Van Winkle,—and has stood beyond all power of rivalry since the death of the lamented John E. Owens. In some of his other parts Mr. Jefferson is unable to conceal entirely the envious marks of Time, but in the performance of Caleb his own age is no disqualification, while his beautiful art and fine and sympathetic intelligence, both ripened and mellowed by long experience, are displayed to the rarest advantage. Certainly, there is no falling off in the freedom and delicacy of his execution, in the delightful simplicity and freshness of his humor, with its sweet and deep vein of underlying pathos, or in the physical powers needed to give expression to that wonderful outburst of emotion following his recognition of the son whom he had so long mourned as dead. It is in the recognition scene that he reveals in the most striking way the wide scope of his resources, but his most artistic work must be sought in the scenes with his blind daughter, in which the suggestion of the real sadness, suffering and anxiety concealed beneath the cheerful, chipper manner is exquisitely pathetic.

The performance was received by a crowded audience with every manifestation of delight, but the effect of it was marred in more places than one by the incompetence of the supporting company. Miss Connie Jackson, of course, was, as she has always been, an exceedingly good Tillie Slowboy, but the other female members of the cast played with the awkwardness of absolute novices, and their male associates were not much superior to them. Even the genius of Mr. Jefferson staggered under the burden thus imposed upon it.

### Mr. Fitch's "Mistress Betty"

IT IS TO BE FEARED that Mme. Modjeska has been mistaken in the value of this new four-act play by Mr. Clyde Fitch, which she presented in the Garrick Theatre on Monday evening, or that, at any rate, the piece will have to be remodelled and in great part rewritten before it can be played with any hope of permanent success. She was attracted, doubtless, by certain qualities and opportunities in the story—very fascinating to an actress of her wide range and copious resources,—but failed to realize the inherent weaknesses of construction, characterization and literary expression, which are only too apparent in actual representation. If a guess might be hazarded, she probably contracted for the piece while it was yet in skeleton form, giving the playwright credit for a capacity of filling in details which, unluckily, he does not possess. Beyond question, the general scheme was rich in promise. Betty Singleton, an actress of great genius and beauty, is, in the first act, which occurs behind the scenes of a theatre, at the zenith of her brilliant career. She has just married a young duke, and is taking her farewell of the stage in the character of Beatrice. It is the crowning triumph of her career, and she re-

turns to the greenroom, in the full flush of happiness, to find her adored bridegroom drunk and incapable. In the second act her disillusion is completed. Her duke is not only a sot and a brute, but he loves his cousin, so far as he can love anything except liquor, and, after a vain appeal to whatever may be better in his nature, she leaves his house. In the third act, a few weeks later, having discovered that there is no longer a place for her in the theatre—a manifestly absurd proposition, for what manager would shut his doors against a favorite and a big public scandal!—she returns to her husband, whom she finds reformed, sober and docile, ready and eager to make amends and restore her to the dignity of a wife, but resolute against any profession of personal devotion. These terms she refuses—although she loves him still—and in the end forces him to confess his love for his cousin.

Then she insists upon leaving him again and forever, which is plausible enough, but when he, from a newly awakened sense of remorse and duty, refuses to listen to such a proposition, she, professedly for the sake of his happiness, declares that during her absence she has been the mistress of his friend, her former lover, and induces the latter, who is providentially present, to support her in the lie. Having thus created an irreparable breach, she sends the lover also to the right-about and, in the fourth act, dies, mad and starved, in a garret, where her husband discovers her too late. The falsity and absurdity of this tale are only too clear even in this hurried synopsis. In the representation, when enforced by a mass of inadmissible detail, they are much more glaring. Nothing but Mme. Modjeska's art prevented a fiasco. Her acting in the first act, and especially in the ingenious scene of her farewell speech before the curtain, was exceedingly fine, and in the garret scene, in which for the first time she was able to rely upon her own unaided powers, she created genuine enthusiasm. Her portrayal of the poor, mad woman reciting passages from her favorite Shakespearian heroines, was brilliant and infinitely pathetic, and her dying recognition of her husband sent a thrill through the whole house. There was loud applause when the curtain fell, but this tribute was offered to her art and courage. The play, in its present shape, is hopeless.

## Music

### "His Excellency"

THIS TWO-ACT OPERETTA by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Dr. Osmond Carr was produced at the Broadway Theatre on Monday night under the direction of Mr. George Edwardes, who first gave the work at the Lyric Theatre, London, on 27 Oct. 1894. The new libretto will certainly add nothing to Mr. Gilbert's fame, but will rather confirm the impression, which has been gaining ground of late, that the author of "The Mikado" has seen his best days. This is a sad fact, for Mr. Gilbert has been an invaluable contributor to the gaiety of nations, and the world owes him a large debt of gratitude.

"His Excellency" is the story of a practical joker, whose joking recoils upon his own head. He hires a strolling player to impersonate the Prince Regent and dispense favors which are to turn out to be fraudulent. The strolling player is the Prince himself, who has come to see what is going on in Elsinore, and the favors turn out to be genuine. The dialogue has very little of the familiar Gilbertian humor, and the lyrics are uncommonly weak as productions of the pen that wrote "Patience" and "Iolanthe." The second act contains almost nothing to relieve its dullness, and the players try to strengthen it by introducing extraneous matter of a very poor sort, indeed. The one truly Gilbertian conceit in the work is that of the regiment drilled as ballet girls, and it results in some irresistibly funny stage business. Dr. Carr's music is pretty and rhythmical, but it lacks character and leaves no marked impression on the mind. The operetta is handsomely mounted, and is fairly well performed.

## The Fine Arts

### Art Notes

THE DISCOVERY, by Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, of a means of controlling the production of metallic lustrous of several colors in glassware bids fair to add another artistic industry to those in which America is admitted to excel. The lustrous are obtained by means of an excess of the metallic oxides used for coloring the glass, iron in small amount producing a deep red, while in excess it produces the range of dull or lustrous tones to be observed in the metal itself. Gold gives a fine rose color, or a more brilliant range of lustrous effects. No one in recent times has succeeded



in manipulating these latter effects so as to secure really artistic results (not accidental), until Mr. Tiffany took up the matter. He has already attained considerable success in this difficult art, and, it is probable, will finally be able to produce any tone he desires in whatever place he wishes it to appear; in which case he will have accomplished more than the makers of the ancient lustrous majolicas, so much prized by collectors.

—The exhibition of portraits for the benefit of St. John's Guild and the Orthopedic Hospital, to be held at the National Academy of Design, Oct. 30–Dec. 4, promises to be even more successful than the exhibition of portraits of women of last season. A few portraits of children and distinguished men will be added this year, but women's portraits will continue to be the principal feature. None of the pictures shown last year will be exhibited. Tea will be served on Thursday afternoons.

—A joint exhibition of the summer work of the Brooklyn Art School, the Coscob Summer School of Art, and of Mr. William M. Chase's class in the Shinnecock Hills, was opened at the Art Galleries in Montague Street, Brooklyn, on Monday, and will close on Oct. 23. The exhibition comprises several hundred sketches and studies, in oils and water-colors, of a great variety of subjects, in landscape, still-life and the figure, and there is in it very little of the weak and aimless work which used formerly to predominate in school exhibitions. Mr. Walter Shirlaw and Mr. Joseph H. Boston, who are among the instructors of the Brooklyn Art School, show each several studies of figures and landscapes.

—On Nov. 11, the Municipal Art Society will present to the city Mr. Edward E. Simmons's decorative panels for the Oyer and Terminer court-room in the new Criminal Courts Building. The presentation will be made by some well-known speaker. Mr. Simmons's panels, which won the first prize of \$5000 offered by the Society, are practically ready. (See *The Critic* of 17 Feb. and 28 April 1894.)

### Current Comment

**DIALOGUE VS. DESCRIPTION.**—Everybody must have observed the growing tendency to use dialogue instead of description. The old-fashioned description—word-painting it used to be called—is going out fast. Perhaps we are too impatient to read it any longer. If, for instance, you take up one of the old-forgotten novels of the last century—I have scores of these, and have had to read them all,—you will find description employed for everything. No emotion, no passion, is suggested or left to the imagination; there is very little dialogue. The result is, generally, the most deadly dullness conceivable. I think that *Black and White* was the earliest paper to publish those dialogues, and monologues, and scenes in dialogue, which, in the hands of Anthony Hope and Miss Violet Hunt and others, have been found so delightful and so fresh.—*Sir Walter Besant, in The Author.*

**BOOK NOTICES AND BOOK REVIEWS.**—There are two ways of looking at literature, or, to be exact, let me say two ways of looking at new books as subjects for newspaper enterprise. The first is as matter of news. That is what drives us into all these columns of book notices "within a week of publication." The second is as literature in the high sense, as something which requires a considered judgment, a judgment based on careful reading, on large views, and on settled principles of criticism. That cannot always be supplied within a week of publication. It is not impossible to reconcile the two if the public will be content with news as news; that is, with such an account of a new book as shall convey to the reader an accurate notion of its subject and of the treatment of its subject; with such extracts as may be illustrative, and even so much attempt at an estimate of its value or importance as may be possible within the time. Then, if the book deserves it, the considered and critical review may come later. Nor are the difficulties so great as they may seem; so few are the books, those of science and special subjects excepted, which require more deliberation than it is possible to give them within a week of publication.—*G. W. Smalley.*

**A SALARIED GOSSIP.**—Everywhere the police when unraveling a crime are sedulous in thwarting the curiosity of the reporters. To work with them is equivalent to hunting with a brass band. Ordinarily the first surprise in the trial of any conspicuous criminal is the difference between the evidence of the witnesses

and the stories of the crime furnished the public beforehand by the newspapers. The reporter, instead of being the chief aid of the detectives and the prosecuting authorities, is, on the average, the chief nuisance with which they have to contend. It must be so. The reporter is but a salaried gossip, and the village constable and magistrate who should seek the coöperation of the voluble female whose recreation it is to talk across the fence to her neighbors, would be as wise as the detective and district attorney who should rely on the press for help.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

**MR. LABOUCHERE NO HERO-WORSHIPPER.**—In his old age, Turner betook himself to a rickety old house in Chelsea, assumed the name of his landlady, shunned society, and painted. We are now invited to show our admiration for the great artist by purchasing this house and maintaining it as a shrine. I certainly have no intention of subscribing one farthing to anything so ridiculous. The discussion of this wondrous scheme has drifted into one as to the terms on which the painter lived with the landlady, whose name he took. They may have been platonic, they may have been the reverse. I really care exceedingly little what they were. \* \* \* In regard to painters and other men of creative genius, the creative power seems to have been something very independent of the individual. The greatest poets, painters, sculptors, etc., have often been in their every-day life the poorest and most contemptible of God's creatures—greedy, sordid, petty, and grossly material. The best monuments of men of genius are the creations of their brains—the *exegi monumentum are perennis* of Horace, in fact. Hero worship that consists in gloating over a chair in which the hero sat, or treasuring up some old pair of breeches that the hero wore, has always been, to my thinking, the lowest form of worship.—*London Truth.*

**PLEASE NAME THE "FREAK" MAGAZINES.**—No lecturer certainly should be introduced into a college and presented by the faculty or by any lecture committee to the students whom they are not willing to present for admiration or imitation. \* \* \* We think it would be well for the public if the magazines adopted a rule of the same kind about their contributors, but then, magazines are avowedly published to make money and not to instruct youth. Their selection of writers, therefore, on the ground of simple notoriety we can only object to for the reason for which we might object to the exhibition of "freaks" and monsters in a dime-museum. Such displays may do harm, but no one pretends that they are meant to do more than amuse or gratify a more or less vulgar curiosity. Moreover, the objections of moralists would probably do no more to purify the magazines than the newspapers. Business is business, and when the money is coming in, the cry of the preacher waxes very faint.—*New York Evening Post.*

### Notes

**RUDYARD KIPLING'S** new "Jungle Book," to be published by The Century Co. on Nov. 10, will contain initials, emblematic head-bands, etc., by Mr. Kipling's father. As a matter of course, the advance sale of this book is very large.

—"Other Times and Other Seasons," by Laurence Hutton, will contain fifteen brief essays, tracing the origin of some of our modern games and customs, and telling of the beginnings of the observance of some of the days we celebrate. They are on "Football," "Prize-fights," "Tennis," "Golf," "Boat-races," "Transportation," "Tobacco," "Coffee," "A Gammon of Bacon," "St. Valentine's Day," "April-fool's Day," "Good-Friday," "May-day," "The Fifth of November" and "Christmas-day." Mr. Hutton relevantly quotes from authors ancient and modern.

—Messrs. Ward, Lock & Bowden announce "The Story of a Baby," by Ethel Turner, and "A Comedy of Honour," by Nora Wynne, as the first two volumes in The Nautilus Series. The designs for covers, title-pages, half-titles and end-papers of this new series are by Prof. R. Anning Bell.

—Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have become the American agents of the "Arber Reprints," well known to every student of English literature or history. The latest addition to the list is that of the famous "Paston Letters" (1422–1509), in a new edition containing upward of 400 letters hitherto unpublished. They are edited by James Gairdner of the Public Record Office, with annotations, a chronological table and full indexes. The same publishers announce that Mr. La Farge's book of lectures will be called "Considerations on Painting," and that the next volume of the Iris Series will be "Where Highways Cross," by J. S. Fletcher.

—Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will add to their list of publications, "Bookbindings Old and New," by Prof. Brander Matthews; a book on New Orleans, by Grace King, illustrated by Frances Jones; and "In the Smoke of War," by Walter Raymond. "Casa Braccio," Mr. Crawford's new story, which was completed in the October *Century*, will be published by them on Nov. 1, with the original Castaigne illustrations.

—Miss Marie Corelli is publishing a new romance, and the Prince of Wales has expressed a desire to have the first copy. We wonder what he wants to do with it?

—Among the new books announced by the Frederick A. Stokes Co. are "The Laureates of England," with selections from their works, by Kenyon West; "Whist Tactics," by Mr. Foster, the well-known authority; and "Rhymes and Roses," a new volume of verse, by Samuel Minturn Peck.

—Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. announce "Our Industrial Utopia and Its Unhappy Citizens," a book showing the bright side of the relations between labor and capital, and intended to "dispel the prevalent fear of trusts," by David Hilton Wheeler; and "That Dome in Air," a series of reviews of the works of Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, Whitman, Blake, Cowper and Wordsworth, by John Vance Cheney.

—"A Man and His Womankind," by Nora Vynne, is the name of the latest volume in the Buckram Series.

—The October *Quarterly Journal of Economics* (published for Harvard University) contains an article, by Prof. Lexis of Göttingen, on the concluding volume of Marx's "Capital"; an article, by Prof. Bascom of Williams College, urging the retention of the gold standard as against international bimetalism; one by Mr. G. K. Holmes of the Census Bureau, pointing out how far the people of the United States live in their homes as owners or as tenants; and a theoretical discussion, by Prof. Taussig of Harvard, of the employer's place in distribution.

—A portrait of Prof. Helmholtz, taken on the day of his last appearance in the lecture-room, will appear in the November *Scribner's*, with a brief account of his leading discoveries in science.

—The September *American Antiquarian* has an article, by Miss Alice Fletcher, on "The Sacred Pole of the Omahas." Under the head of "Indian Migrations and Myths," Dr. Wallace W. Tooker has an article on the Pamunkey Legend, and the editor has an article on "The Early Location of the Tribes of New England." Dr. Washington Matthews identifies the San Mateo mountain with a very charming myth of the Navajo Indians; and special prominence is given to "The New Race," which was discovered by Dr. Petrie to the west of the Nile.

—The November *Century* will contain an article on "The Armenian Question," by Prof. James Bryce, M. P., and a note on the same subject from the pen of the Duke of Westminster.

—*The Looker-On* is the name of a new "Musical, Dramatic and Literary" monthly, published in this city. Music has the lion's share in the first (October) number of the new venture. The stage is represented by an article on "The Boards Shakespeare Trod," by a comedy in two acts, by Paul and Vaughan Kester, and by dramatic notes. There are some "Friendly Observations" on anent criticism and its pitfalls and responsibilities, which may represent the literary element of the paper, since the book reviews are of musical works; and the rest is about music, and excellent of its kind—among the contributors being Henry T. Finck, W. F. Apthorp and H. E. Krehbiel. Among the many portraits adorning this number is one of Paderewski by Mr. Gribayedoff, much better than the one by the same artist, published some years ago.

—It is said that Mr. Hall Caine will receive \$15,000 for the serial rights, English and American, of his new novel.

—Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. have in press a new illustrated edition of "Robinson Crusoe," and a war story for boys, "The Blue Balloon: A tale of Shenandoah Valley," by Reginald Horsley.

—Mr. I. N. Ford writes to the *Tribune* that "Captain Mahan is writing an introduction to an important new work now in preparation by Sampson Low, Marston & Co. This is H. W. Wilson's 'Ironclads in Action,' giving in two volumes the history of naval warfare during the last forty years, with some account of the development of the battleship in England. Hitherto there has been no single work accessible to the general reader dealing with this important subject, and even the professional student has been forced to collect a formidable array of volumes before he could have the naval history of his own times at hand."

—The Frederick A. Stokes Co. announces something new in the way of a magazine. It is called *The Pocket Magazine*, being of a size to slip conveniently into a man's overcoat pocket. It will be printed on uncalendered paper in beautiful big type, and cost ten cents a number. But the price is not the only attraction—the list of contributors is the drawing power. Among them are Messrs. Rudyard Kipling, S. J. Weyman, Brander Matthews and Conan Doyle, while among the ladies are Miss Wilkins, Miss Jewett and Mrs. A. K. Green. Each number will be complete. The editor is Mr. Irving Bacheller, of syndicate fame.

—Among the companies incorporated at Albany, on Oct. 12, is the Combined Press of New York. It will deal in literary articles and illustrations for newspapers and periodicals. Its capital is \$15,000, and the directors are John Kendrick Bangs of Yonkers; Ruth McEnery Stuart, and Albert B. Paine, of New York; A. H. Lewis of Washington, and R. K. Munkittrick of Nutley, N. J.

—Miss Beatrice Harraden sailed for England on Saturday last. She will probably return before long, and spend the winter in California.

—"Zola," says Mr. R. H. Sherard, "always advises his friends in confidence not to read his stories in their serial form, as he always makes many alterations, emendations and additions before they appear in volumes. It is the same with Hall Caine, who labors hard over his proofs of the book, though little, if at all, over the newspaper proofs."

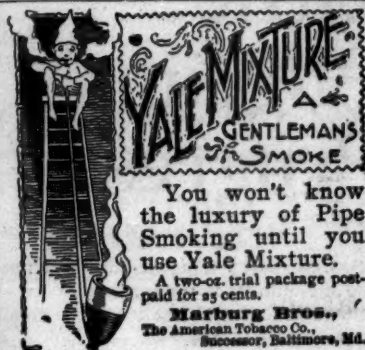
—*The Land of Sunshine* pronounces Rider Haggard's "Heart of the World" a "gorgeously readable book," but before doing so remarks that "Mr. Haggard conscientiously misspells two-thirds of the Spanish words he uses, and misuses a fair share of the rest; and this is his least blunder"; and that "there is hardly a turn in his clever plot which does not betray impossible ignorance of his material."

## Publications Received

- Abraham Lincoln's Speeches. Compiled by L. E. Chittenden. \$1.25.  
 American History Leaflets. No. 21. The Stamp Act. 1766. Dodd, Mead & Co.  
 alzac, Honoré, de. The Marriage Contract. \$1.50. A Lovell & Co.  
 artlett, Edwin J. Laboratory Exercises in Chemistry. 50c. Roberts Bros.  
 Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes. Ed. by S. Baring-Gould. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.  
 Bok, Edward W. Successward. \$1. J. B. Lippincott Co.  
 Book of Athletics. Edited by N. W. Bingham, Jr. \$1.50. Fleming H. Revell Co.  
 Browning's Complete Poetical Works. \$3. Lothrop Pub. Co.  
 Browne, W. H. Famous Women of History. Phila.: Arnold & Co.  
 Burnett, Frances H. Two Little Pilgrims' Progress. \$1.50.  
 Champney, E. W. Witch Winnie at Versailles. \$1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
 Colvill, Henry. The Land of the Nile Springs. New York: Edward Arnold.  
 Dear Little Marchioness. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.  
 Don. By the Author of "Liddle." \$1. Roberts Bros.  
 Educational System of Vertical Penmanship. Prepared by A. E. Hill. Pts. 1-8.  
 Eight Oration of Lysias. Ed. by M. H. Morgan. Boston: Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.  
 Ellis, Edward S. The Young Ranchers. Phila.: Porter & Coates.  
 English Dictionary. Ed. by J. A. H. Murray. Depravative-Development.  
 Far-Field. 2 parts, 60c. each. Macmillan & Co.  
 Fifty Selections from Valerius Maximus. Edited by C. S. Smith. Boston: Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.  
 Finley, Martha. Elsie's Journey on Inland Waters. \$1.25. Dodd, Mead & Co.  
 Fletcher, Horace. Menticulture. \$1. A. C. McClurg & Co.  
 Fletcher, J. S. Where Highways Cross. 75c. Macmillan & Co.  
 Foote, M. H. A Life of Christ for Young People. Harper & Bros.  
 Francis, Francis. Wild Rose. \$1. Macmillan & Co.  
 Goldsmith, Oliver. Vicar of Wakefield. Ed. by H. M. Sprague. 48c.  
 Goodwin, Maud W. The Colonial Cavalier. Silver, Burdett & Co.  
 Gore, Charles. Dissertations. \$2.50. Little, Brown & Co.  
 Graves and Hawes. A First Book in Greek. \$1. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
 Grant, Robert. Reflections of a Married Man. \$1.25. Boston: Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.  
 Grant, Robert. Opinions of a Philosopher. \$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
 Hare, A. J. C. The Gurneys of Earham. 2 vols. \$6. Dodd, Mead & Co.  
 Hardy, T. The Return of the Native. Harper & Bros.  
 Hervey, Maurice H. Dead Man's Court. 75c. F. A. Stokes Co.  
 Holmes, F. M. Hugh Melville's Quest. \$1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co.  
 Hocking, Joseph. "All Men Are Liars." \$1.50. Roberts Bros.  
 Hutton, Laurence. Other Times and Other Seasons. Harper & Bros.  
 Hymnal for Schools. Ed. by Charles T. Ives. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.  
 Iota. A Comedy in Spasms. \$1. F. A. Stokes Co.  
 Jewett, Sarah O. The Life of Nancy. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
 Ker, David. The Wizard King. \$1.50. J. B. Lippincott Co.  
 Kellner, M. L. Prophecies of Isaiah. Cambridge, Mass.  
 Kingsley, Charles. Westward Ho! 2 vols. 75c. Two Years Ago. Macmillan & Co.  
 Krohn, Karl. Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle. New York: Pub. by Karl Krohn.  
 Lever, Charles. Confessions of Con Cregan. 2 vols. Roland Cashel.  
 Lever, Charles. Sir Jasper Carew. Maurice Tierney. Little, Brown & Co.  
 Leland, Charles G. Hans Breitmann in Germany—Tyrol. J. B. Lippincott Co.  
 Lives of Cornelius Nepos. Edited by Isaac Flegg. 90c.  
 Longfellow, Henry W. Courtship of Miles Standish. \$1.50. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.  
 Mackay, Eric. Song of the Son. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
 Mack, Constance. Wagner's Heroica. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.  
 MacDonald, George. Lillith. \$1.25. New York: Edward Arnold.  
 Dodd, Mead & Co.



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